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A Poetical ADDRESS

To the LADIES of BATH.

Inscribed to EUGENIA.

And sold by the Bookellers of BATH.

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A Poetical ADDRESS



TO THE LADIES OF BATH.

London: Printed by E. G. & J. N. A.

A
P O E T I C A L
A D D R E S S
TO THE
L A D I E S
O F
B A T H.

SHOOT FOLLY AS IT FLIES.

Printed by R. CRUTTWELL, for the AUTHOR;

AND SOLD BY

The BOOKSELLERS of BATH.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.—MDCC LXXV.

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TO THE
L A D I E S.

IT is impossible for any person to be an unconcern'd spectator of the disputes subsisting in that society in which he wishes to live and hopes to die. When the Author found his efforts for concord ineffectual, his next concern was, how far you might be concerned in the general calamity. He considered you in three degrees. As wives, or maidens, there was little apprehension that you would interfere, either yourselves, or by improper proxies. There was too strong a presumption that the married ladies would leave the management of their affairs entirely to the hands of their husbands ;—that the maidens would, for obvious reasons, at any rate, decline business : But the widows, being not under such restraints, might, with justice, be more tenacious of their rights ;—and tho' they may not be able to do their own business, will certainly insist on
 chusing

chusing their agents.—At all events, it was adviseable to divert your attention. What nobler tranſition could the author make from the Upper or the Lower Rooms, than to the improvement of the grand ornament of both?—In the proſecution of his deſign he met with two great obſtacles,—Abundance, and Deficiency.—If he was puzzled in the choice of a Patroness, from the great number of worthy objects, how much greater were his difficulties from a total want of any characters depraved enough to ſerve him as a foil. It was with the greateſt pleaſure he found himſelf under the neceſſity of turning Fabuliſt :—And as he could not paint what *does*, has ſhewn you what in this frail compoſition of our nature *may* exiſt. Happy will he be if the performance ſhall prove acceptable to you,—without whoſe influence, to all Individuals, and Publics, upper, lower, or middle,—life muſt be a burthen.

The AUTHOR.

T O
E U G E N I A.

O Thou who here restrain'st my further flight,
 Condemn'st to darkness, or preserv'st in light,
 In whom 's contain'd the sum of man's desire,
 Whose virtues temper, and whose beauties fire!—
 The Muse, in search of something just and true,
 No longer hesitates, but stops at — you.

First turn with me thy radiant eyes around,
 And take a survey of the public ground,
 Observe the sexes, see the general strife,
 The youth of either rushing into life :

B

Mark

Mark IPHIGENIA, so young, so fair,
 Her form half naked, with a mind as bare;
 The smile of conscious beauty in her face,
 The step of invitation in her pace:
 Had she thy prudence, would she grin and stare
 At every fool—of whom she should beware,
 With all that insipidity of face,
 For affability mistake grimace?
 Would she, with sympathetic shrugs, promote
 The wretch who shames the splendor of his coat?
 Would she exert the utmost of her skill,
 To shew the company she can't sit still,
 Unless when Billy Dimple simpers out—
 Upon my word—indeed, Miss—without doubt?
 Had she thy dignity, each flutt'ring elf
 Would shrink to nothing—or, what's worse—himself?
 Ah! IPHIGENIA, be thou more nice,—
 The paths of vanity may lead to vice!
 Thine

Thine is an age when few know what they mean,
 Too ripe for childhood, yet for wives too green;
 When school intrigues, and youthful follies, yield
 To the bright conquests of an ampler field,
 And launching forth with every rising grace,
 To reap the harvest of a new fair face,
 (A face which may remain for ever new,
 Not made a surfeit to the public view)
 With every charm and virtue at her call,
 What shall we say if IPHIGENIA fall?

Mark SACHARISSA shouldering thro' the press,
 In all the gaudy insolence of dress;
 Dullness supine, conspicuous folly, sitting
 In every cloudy feature of this—wit:
 She takes a spirit in every dispute,
 Bright for a moment, for an hour a mute;

Some

Some praise her silence, but the rest can see
 She lies in ambush for a repartee.
 A Female Wit is at the very best
 A filken vehicle for flimsy jest :—
 A Widow's troublesome ; when married, pert ;
 A Wife's an insolent ; a Maid's a flirt.

But hark ! methinks far other sounds I hear,
 More pleasing accents strike the happy ear,
 From some who join to unaffected ease
 No less desire than a power to please ;
 Whose conversation keep an even pace,
 Dissent politely, and accord with grace ;
 Cheerful with prudence—is their constant rule,
 For such is H-----n, and such is P-----.

Some years ago the Belle of Belles came down,
 And drove like lightning thro' and thro' the town ;

To

To captivate exerted every art,
 But still deficient in the mental part;
 Her face less charming as 'twas more expos'd,
 Her circle melted, and her triumphs clos'd;
 Alone in company, a vestal yet,—
 Her beauties fading, and her sun just set,
 She wedded—led a miserable life,—
 By far too fair and foolish for a wife:
 In youth a flirt, a gamester in her age,
 And will be wretched 'till she quits the stage:
 Deserted, sends her antedated card,
 Gives tea by quarts, and scandal by the yard.

Beauty allied with merit such as thine,
 By strong comparison will stronger shine,
 As every mirror that's expos'd to light
 Strengthens the rays of its reflected light.
 Lull'd by a foolish fashionable dream,
 Mayst thou be never hurry'd down the stream.

Who

Who with opinion decks another's sleeve,
Of liberty and sense at once takes leave;
At fashions laugh, at fashion-mongers too,
For if enslav'd be sure they'll laugh at you.

Many there are who, tho' they're bold and loud,
Meet with contempt in each politer crowd;
In vain for consequence they look and call,
In vain they bustle, and in vain they bawl,
Spight of their efforts to be heard and seen,
Some native meanness will intrude a screen,
These in obscurity must live alone,
Or else create assemblies of their own.
But such as You, by all are understood,
To be the property of public good;
In larger circles, to no party join'd,
Be such examples ever unconfin'd;

O never

O never tread that most unsocial path,
The *private Parties*—are the bane of Bath.

What mischiefs dwell in woman's tongue and eyes,
What swift destruction when a lady lyes!

Once on a time the ball was at a stand;

Two youths contending for a partner's hand:

Inconstant Chloe, fickle as the wind,

Unthinking Chloe had just chang'd her mind,

To merit blind, she only broke her word,

A coxcomb got her, and then drew his sword.

All eyes were fix'd upon a livid face,

Whilst groans disturb'd the pleasures of the place:

Chloe the whole unfeeling disregards,

Pronounc'd it shocking; then—set down to cards.

But canst thou, Chloe, when the time shall come,

Which brings thee near the universal doom,

Devoid of terror, as before of shame,

Reflect how ill you've play'd life's youthful game?

Too

Too fatally convinc'd it cannot last,
 Dread what's to come, and would recall the past
 Follies and vices, and to crown the whole,
 The weight of murder shall o'erwhelm thy soul.

Forth from her toilet, like a fiend from hell,
 SEMPRONIA comes,—that antiquated belle !
 Passion with her still keeps the upper hand,
 Unless when passion does her pence demand ;
 Pleasure and Avarice, in her we see
 Go hand in hand, and perfectly agree.
 To court she waddles thro' the rain and plash,
 There with her hoop conceals her huge calash,
 With two long wallets hung on either side,
 From London she procures a weekly ride ;
 In eleemosynary coach she bowls
 To Ranelagh, and filches tea and rolls ;
 Two quarts of wine and custard, at the least,
 Fill her tin pockets at a Lord Mayor's feast.

At

At Bath a customer to every ball,—
 But never yet subscrib'd to one at all :
 Will spend a penny where a pound she'll save,—
 A hack to pleasure, and her purse's slave.

Of manners gentle, liberal, and brave,
 The good HILARIO was CALISTA's slave ;
 This reigning toast at Bath he saw, and lov'd ;
 She, undebauch'd by Fortune, then approv'd.
 Occasion call'd him, for some little time,
 To quit his native for a neighbouring clime ;—
 Return'd, with ardour flew his love to meet,
 With pride she saw him prostrate at her feet :
 With pride she saw him,—but with pride alone,—
 For every virtue from her breast was flown.
 Love in his absence could not keep its hold,
 Her heart was poison'd with a lump of gold ;
 Spight of his vows, his constancy, and truth,
 With looks averted, she beheld the youth.

C

He,

He, only he, confounded and amaz'd,
 For all but he could tell—her price was rais'd.
 She, foolish, vain, intoxicated girl,
 Saw in her dreams a visionary Earl.
 O may'st thou be some wretched Elder's wife,
 And bear Nobility and woe for life!
 Or grant, kind heaven, some mortifying stroke,
 Thy features furrow'd, or thy banker broke!
 Some pest, to ruin ev'ry beauteous trace,
 Some fire small-pox to harrow up thy face!
 O may it leave such pregnant marks behind,
 To make thy form as loathsome as thy mind!
 No more the multitude shall then admire
 A wretch, as callous as her callous Sire.

To all, indulgent heaven has assign'd
 Marks of its love in body or in mind;
 With this alone we ought to warm the heart,
 And second nature with our utmost art;
 Nor,

Nor, by attempting what we can't attain;
 Disgrace those talents which from her we gain.

PHÆDRA's discourse with sentiment's replete;
 As well by Nature as by name she's *S-T*
 The worthy AMAZON knows how to charm;
 Stronger her virtues, and yet *strong* her arm.
 In music may enchanting *B-R--a* shine;
 To guide the pencil, fair CLEORA, 's thine;
 RIDOTTA dances, and CANIDIA sings,—
 While SAPPHO, arm'd with wit and satire, sings;
 With wit, with humour, and with judgment grac'd,
 With perfect elegance, and perfect taste,
 M-LL-ER behold, in whom at once is join'd
 The charms of person to the strength of mind;
 Her Lord and She together in their tour
 Have cull'd the blossoms of each foreign flower,—
 Here blown,—the Muses, wond'ring at her skill,
 Mistake her Villa for Parnassus' Hill :—

Give

Give then the prizes from the sacred tree,
 'Till every candidate resemble Thee !

'Tis sprightly C—LB—NE's lively wit to boast,
 And best to please us when we hear her most :
 On every feature's stamp'd ingenuous grace,
 She bears her honest heart upon her face :—
 In temper affable, serenely mild,
 And, *mistress of herself*—tho' lace is spoil'd.
 O may these lines be honour'd with thy view,
 How great their ornaments—if read by You !

In times like these, when all is so refin'd,
 'Tis rude to talk to *Ladies* of the Mind ;
 Women there are who read such lines as these,
 Drawn for instruction rather than to please :
Ladies who read (for some few such there are)
 Will hardly think me worth their time and care ;

But

But scan with pleasure (laying this aside)
 The twittering jargon to the new-made bride.—
 O blessed bard! from whom such manna drops,
 Work once again your way into the shops;
 Publish once more your sycophantic page,
 Without one sentence to correct the age;
 Some future season let us hope to view
 A flimsy folio, compos'd by you;
 Be sure to tell us, 'tis not want of money
 Which makes you celebrate each moon of honey;
 Such mighty truths to you are only known,—
 Such truths should come from you, and you alone.
 Quit for obscenity both wit and sense,—
 Quit all that's sterling—but your Eighteen-pence.
 When next you chuse, in Hymenéal lays,
 In happy strains, to sing the song of praise,
 With flames of love your tinder fancy scorch,
 At Folly's altar light up Hymen's torch,

And

And tell some swarthy Asiatic pair
 They'll be most happy, as they are most fair;—
 Such wambling nonsense from thy wambling brain
 Has once rewarded you,—and may again.

Unhappy LAURA was first bought, then courted,
 Sold to a villain from the East imported.
 Beware of Nabobs, insolent and bold,
 As full of infamy as full of gold!
 How many souls the arch adventurer won!
 How many bought,—then damn'd them one by one!
 He bought them dearly, but they serv'd him fair;—
 What voter could refuse a *gilded chair*?
 Six hundred thousand was the Ale-Boy's price,
 And half that money bought the Man of Rice:
 The first so fond, so very fond of gold,
 His wife deceas'd, her cloaths the varlet sold:
 One starv'd his fire, his sister, and his brother;
 Two million, at the least, were starv'd by t'other:

The

The Country two million Blacks the worse;—
But what are such a people to a purse?
Tho' Chiefs are murder'd, and their subjects drain'd,
It matters nothing—so rupees are gain'd.
See Taffy Smirk, that fatten thing of things!
Himself all tinsel, and his wife all rings;
She with a Duke's revenue on her back,—
He saddled with a debt of twice a lack.—
Such are the Nabobs—many are a bite,
With all the meanness of Sir Matthew Mite;
However large the fums they may bring o'er,
Armenian merchants may decrease the store:
Armenian merchants may deprive of bread,
And heap destruction on destruction's head,
Few from the East, like M—RT—N, bless our fight!
Like M—RT—N, sensible,—like him, polite!
And fewer still, like C—PM—N, do we see,—
Like C—PM—N honest, generous, and free!

Some

Some other time, when leisure shall suffice,
 To place your crimes at length before your eyes,
 Each wretched object of European care,
 Like Banquo's ghost, shall slip into *the Chair*.
 Far other subjects now our time demand,—
 'Till then, with safety, glitter thro' the land.

Come then, EUGENIA, let us go from hence,
 And tread again the paths of solid sense.

Crown'd with success, beyond the reach of art,
 How Nature opens every female heart !
 Stripp'd by that handmaid of their gay attire,
 The lovely puppets shew the wood and wire ;
 Single or wedded, every spring we see ;—
 But Matrimony is the master key.

May I presume, and yet not give offence,
 To claim attention to plain common sense ;

Some

Some flying strokes, to set my spleen at ease,
 Must not disgust you, if they will not please :
 Only proceed while simple truths arise,—
 To flames condemn me if I ill advise.
 May I but prove as pleasing as sincere ;
 Like H—ps—Y, nervous, accurate, and clear ;—
 Like him, I'd wish my doubtful course to guide,
 'Twixt dull stupidity, and letter'd pride ;
 Sharp, not too wounding,—lively, not too gay,—
 My wit should strike where He should point the way.

Say then, EUGENIA, to what point does tend
 Each busy scene,—and where is it to end ?
 The point in view is to become a Wife ;—
 That first, grand business of a woman's life !
 Many then think the task of life is done ;
 But more discover, it is just begun.

D

The

The states of marriage are in three express'd,—
 Infipid,—wretched,—and supremely bless'd!—
 The first, when prudent reasons tye for life
 A stupid husband to a simple wife :
 Two useless bodies, without meaning, join'd,
 And justly call'd—the lumber of mankind ;
 Each lifeless soul an empty, barren waste,
 Without a genius, without a taste ;
 Their every act so void of fire, or force,
 That what they do seems almost done of course ;
 And having long misus'd what Nature gave,
 Grow fat,—get fools,—then, sink into the grave ;—
 Who, when alive, ne'er knew one social day,
 And when they die, unheeded pass away.

Sir TOBY SUPPLE was SIMPLICIA's prize ;
 Was just, not foolish,—and was just, not wise ;

He

He suffers much, to lead a quiet life,
 Forfakes his home, his family, and wife;
 Made up for marriage, as for sale a filly,
 She soon grew dirty, insolent, and filly;
 When well provided for, tho' rich, was mean,
 And left off—being affable, and clean;
 (As if a woman, when her fortune's made,
 May leave off dressing, as men leave off trade;)
 Catch'd in the trim, at two, in which she rose,
 Measuring coals, or buried in foul cloaths;
 A bed-gown loose, so short, her tails half bare,
 Dock'd as obscenely as a *pet-en-l'air*.*

Behold the hesitating idiot stand,
 With rags and paper in each greasy hand;
 Bound in suspense,—in doubt, to laugh, or cry,—
 In doubt, to make a pudding or a pye:

D 2

In

* See the French signification of this very decent word.

In every station a mere blank in life,
A careless mother, and a joyless wife.

There are who say, if rightly understood,
A state of apathy's our greatest good ;
That those who know it, always suffer least ;—
If this be true, how happy is the beast !
If this be true, Philosophers must own
The height of bliss is center'd in a stone ;
But surely Heav'n, when appetites it gave,
Design'd enjoyments, as it taught to crave :
The thirst of knowledge, Providence combin'd
With parts extensive, and an ample mind ;
With love of pleasures exquisite, unite
Organs, which give us exquisite delight ;
Ordain'd sensation, in a due degree,
Man beyond beasts, and beasts beyond a tree.

Next,

Next, let us search from whence our sorrows flow,
 And trace the source of matrimonial woe ;—
 In various objects, tho' the same our view,
 Some favourite paradise we all pursue ;
 Whilst all our faculties to this attend,
 Too eager for the means, we lose the end.
 Some wed for wealth, and some for friendship try ;—
 Few wed for love, and more—they scarce know why :
 Each gains the wish'd-for point,—but, not content,
 Expecting more, are baulk'd, and so repent.
 Should those, whom wealth and indolence allure,
 Should they e'er murmur, if they are not poor ?
 Or those whom beauty catch, complain, to find
 A handsome form contain a vicious mind ?
 With equal reason would our wishes hold,
 To pay for gilding, and to hope for gold :
 With equal reason might we search in **THEE**
 For pride, for folly, or for vanity.

Behold

Behold yon couple,—see the happy pair !
 See MAMMON, swelling in his elbow chair !
 Directly opposite, prepar'd for strife,
 That most atrocious Jezebel, his Wife !
 Trifles, when urg'd, to consequence encrease ;
 To gain a point, they both destroy their peace :
 Warm to dispute, with rancour fierce and dire,
 Who'll use the chariot, or who'll stir the fire ;
 With equal heat, whatever is the cause,
 Whether it be for settlements, or straws,
 For half a thousand, or for half a crown,
 A son's profession, or a daughter's gown.
 The children stare at what the servants tell :—
 Themselves two devils, and their house a hell.
 Abroad, polite,—at home, in constant strife ;—
 A dog the husband, and a cat the wife.
 And yet this man cou'd condescend to woo,
 Cou'd tell how much he lov'd, and swear it too ;
Talk'd

Talk'd like a fond, intoxicated sot,
 Of charms, and anguish, and the Lord knows what.
 She, too, impertinently smart and clever :—
 Both thought this language was to last for ever.
 Fool as he was to take such wond'rous pains,
 Made his own rod, and turn'd his spouse's brains.
 Of senseless love this ever is the fate,—
 Turn'd to indifference, and soon to hate.
 Let all who wish a happy course to run,
 At first begin, as they'd, for life, go on ;
 For she who reigns (it is a general rule)
 One month a goddess, is the next a fool.
 Tho' I allow, it is no easy thing
 To keep good humour ever on the wing ;
 For times there are, the languid spirits die,
 And the soul sickens, tho' we know not why.
 When ev'ry faculty has lost its pow'r,
 Good sense, alone, sustains that evil hour ;

For

For all our reason, all our strength, it calls,
 The wisest staggers, but the foolish falls.
 This wants a name,—'tis something just between
 A man's ill-humour, and a woman's spleen.
 In passion ever by the first surpass'd,
 With too much feeling to be call'd the last;
 Bred by content, satiety's its nurse,
 And peace, and quiet, only make it worse:
 Whate'er it is, it is a curfed evil,
 Be it the spleen, the vapours, or the devil.

Many disguise their weaknesses with art,
 Nor speak, 'till 'join'd, the language of the heart;
 Then, nor 'till then, they open by degrees,
 Cease to be pleas'd, and lose the pow'r to please.
 Yet woman, surely, is the greatest cheat,
 Train'd to disguise, and practis'd in deceit:—
 Man, unconfin'd, appears without restraint
 A public finner, or a public faint:—

Women

Women in secret some their wills obey,—
 Some sin in private, all in public pray;
 Scarce to each other, ne'er to us, reveal'd,
 Some minds and persons both alike conceal'd.

When skilful Mothers form the mind with ease,
 And ductile Nature takes what shape they please;
 When rising charms, which innocence may kiss,
 Give the sure earnest of a sweeter bliss;
 From girls with hearts all bounding at a ball,
 Flatter'd by many, and admir'd by all,—
 With nice instruction, thus, Maternal Care
 Teaches the Daughter—how to catch an Heir.—

“ My girls, attend!—the 'Squire dines here to-day;—

“ Her's be the prize, who minds what I shall say:—

“ Fear not,—the 'Squire, you know, is almost blind:—

“ We'll hide defects of body and of mind.

“ SALLY, be sure you will contend in vain,

“ Unless your frowns and temper you restrain.

E

“ NAN,

“ NAN, tho’ I’ve padded both your stays and gown,

“ Yet strive to keep your hip and shoulder down.

“ (Ten thousand blessings on that worthy She

“ Who first came hither in a negligee!

“ Contriv’d œconomy to undermine,

“ By some wry Duchess with a shape like thine;

“ So loose, so bundling,—it is hard to guess

“ Whether it hides an arrow, or an S.)

“ Tall and genteel, wear, SALLY, what you please,

“ A Jesuit, Brunswick, or a Polonese;

“ Cas’d in those garbs, tho’ fair, each short fat charmer

“ Looks like a mummy, or a hog in armour.

“ But girls are now grown quite above direction,

“ Nor even suit their colours to complexion;

“ This, with a countenance as white as milk,

“ To mend the matter, wears a scarlet silk;

“ That, with her cheeks as if she dress’d beef-stakes,

“ To help the contrast, a white bonnet makes :

“ I vow,

- " I vow, one scarce refrains to cry aloud—
" See the full moon just peeping thro' a cloud.
" Absurdities so glaring all must see ;—
" For dress, and conduct, be you rul'd by Me.
" But pr'ythee, NANCY, do not look so mild,—
" Ah ! you're too tender for this game, my child ;
" Away with love, 'twill bring you to a smicket,
" 'Twill never purchase you a single ticket :
" But you, I fear, will feel his fatal dart,—
" Alas ! I fear, my girl, you have a heart !
" I once was courted, and full well remember,
" To all, but wealth, my heart was like December ;
" To each poor lover, senseless as a log,
" Whate'er he was, I us'd him like a dog :—
" Should this rich booby some attention pay,
" With head averted, look another way.
" (Fools should be always treated with neglect,
" The worse they're us'd, the greater their respect ;

" But men of sense must not be manag'd thus,—
 " The 'Squire's an ass;—and he's the man for us.)
 " SAL, if thy face should make the bumpkin stare,
 " Whilst NANCY watches him, you blush with care;
 " Such prudent conduct shall secure the game,—
 " The loser, in her turn, shall play the same:
 " For if, thro' envy, you betray your plan,
 " In vain you'll spread each snare to catch your man;
 " For subtle schemers thro' each sex you're blown,
 " Dreaded by his, and laugh'd at by your own.
 " Humble your looks, and modest your address,
 " Hope much, think more, talk little, and laugh less.—
 " Now let me see who best will play her cards:
 " But, above all,—be ever on your guards."——

This is the doctrine that the matrons preach,—
 These are the lessons which your tutors teach:
 The pretty creatures learn and practice young,
 When they've the sanction of a mother's tongue.

Of

Of all the spectres in the female dream,
Envy's the worst to disconcert a scheme:
 Thee, good *BELINDA*, will that fiend pursue,
 Nor even spare such excellence as you;—
 You, whose good humour can but match your sense,
 Who never yet could give the least offence;
 So very affable, so very mild,
 So very small,—but very big with child;
 See with what rancour beauties beauties meet,
 And pass, with scorn, each other in the street:
 See proud *CORINNA* on that lady frown,—
 That lady wears a curious muslin gown.
 Why views *NASINDA*, with indignant eye,
 That little sempstress who is passing by?
 Can you not tell from what her spleen arose?—
 That little sempstress has a little nose;—
 With twenty pea-green puppies at her tail.—
 Why looks *PALIDIA* all at once more pale?

Close

Close by her elbow charming W-L-T---RE goes ;
 Each lip a cherry, and each cheek a rose.—
 Why flash the lightnings from MYRTILLA's eyes ;
 What dire offences give her fury rise ?
 Majestic W-LL-R, on the full Parade,
 Before her face imperial charms display'd :
 W-LL-R, who ravishes the eye and ear,
 Alike admired when we see or hear.
 E'en little Miss her playfellow will plash,
 Because her bonnet's grown to a calash.
 Envy not only haunts our gayer paths,
 But lurks beneath the flannel at the baths.

Much those, who have or wish for Wealth, endure,—
 Alike destructive to the rich or poor !
 What great misfortunes money often brings !
 What wretched woe from wretched avarice springs !
 Pleasures at least some qualities demand,
 Spirits to taste, or reason to withstand ;

By

By that compell'd, to joy we onwards press,—
 By this, restrain'd from riot and excess :
 Foolish, or wise, in sickness, or in health,
 Still there remains an appetite for wealth;
 The simplest being woman ever bore
 Is master of the art—to covet more.
 See from the East the haughty Widow PLUMB,
 Bless'd with a husband once, beneath her thumb;
 Three Lacks to poor Nobility she gave,
 Is now an out-cast, whence she was a slave;
 Can shew, for all her former comfort's pains,
 A lack of nothing—but a lack of brains.
 What, MYRA, could thy father, and the devil, mean,
 To yoke together sixty and sixteen ?
 GRIPE caught thy parent with his large rent-roll;
 The other means to catch thy nobler soul.
 Thy fire has sold himself, t' enlarge his treasure,—
 And Satan hopes to purchase thee with pleasure :

To

To bid already does the fiend begin,
With jointures, age, adultery, and sin,

But if from age such rapid evils flow,
Ingratitude is no less sure than slow.

Sir ANDREW's Lady was a precious gift;—
Mov'd with her sighs, he took her in her shift.

If e'er she thought her lover went astray,

All drown'd in tears, the nymph would faint away,

(Such genuine tears as flow from women's eyes,

When the world whispers, they have lost a prize.)

At length he married her, to save her life,

She gain'd an equipage, and he—a Wife.

At table now in pomp behold her sit,

And ridicule her Lord, to shew her wit;

With nauseous ceremony help the guests,

His portion season'd with ill-manner'd jests:

To him ill-natur'd, insolent, and pert,

Nor owns the hand which rais'd her from the dirt:—

A canting

A canting hypocrite,—a preaching prude,—
 No Moorfields teacher so devoutly rude :—
 A thriving gamester, full of godly stuff,
 Fraught with religion, lap-dogs, cards, and snuff;
 Abroad impertinently free and bold,
 At home at once a tyrant and a scold.
 Loth to applaud, in slander always first,
 By neighbours hated, by her servants curs'd :
 (Happy it is, that children she has none,
 For if she had, they'd surely be undone :)
 Ordain'd at once to warn us, and perplex,—
 The scare-crow, jest, and riddle of her sex.

But how should men avoid these hidden shelves,
 When girls don't know each other, scarce themselves?
 EUDOSIA's gentle, sensible, and mild,
 For which ROXANA us'd her as a child;
 Nay, once a stranger gave to understand,
 She was a person under her command ;—

F

A wretched

A wretched child,—the youngest of a dozen,—
 A sort of toad-eater,—an humble cozen:—
 In public, knew her but when in the mood,
 Very tyrannical, and very rude.
 ROXANA thinks a woman who is meek,
 Because she's humble, must of course be weak;
 Can't reconcile humility, and merit,
 And want of arrogance is want of spirit.
 To this opinion she now falls a martyr;
 EUDOSIA shews her she has caught a tartar.
 Now the rich consort of a worthy Knight,
 EUDOSIA soars above ROXANA's sight,
 Who, keenly stung with envy and repentance,
 Would build her consequence on old acquaintance,
 Meets with contempt, and in her turn is slighted,
 For little DOSHY is now grown short-sighted;
 In vain she curt'sies, to be ask'd to tea;
 Her Ladyship can neither hear nor see.

Wretches

Wretches like her, who would avoid her fate,
 Should know their women, ere it is too late.
 Thus anglers often in their game are out,
 And catch a thornback when they fish for trout.
 Ah, poor ROXANA! thou hast lost thy but,
 Thy lips are clos'd, thy oracle is shut :
 'Tis not thy washy water-gruel wit,
 That snip-snap faucy pertness of a chit,
 So very ready, yet so very weak,
 As if you fear you'll lose your turn to speak ;—
 No, nor that heavy, rude, averted look,
 By some for sense and modesty mistook ;—
 These cannot please,—and none but fools will hear ;—
 EUDOSIA lov'd you, pitied, and gave ear.
 Leave off in time,—for sure it's time for you
 Now, in your turn, to be a list'ner too.

Here let me pause,——to obviate offence,
 And give my honest (if I've any) sense.
 First,

First, must I grant the lovely Sex what's due,
 To millions of examples good and true:
 Next, let me beg each angry Fair would stop,
 And look a moment in yon hatter's shop;
 See how his customers around him flock,—
 See how he claps each beaver on its block :—
 This fits yon fellow, and that fits his brother,—
 But never were design'd for one or t'other;
 This likes the button, and that likes the brim,—
 But yet the hat was never made for him.—
 So if some characters should chance to hit,
 Should some imaginary beaver fit,
 The fault must surely lie in those who take 'em,—
 I took no measure, but at random make 'em.
 And once for all, where praise is not the theme,
 The rest is nothing but a poet's dream.

Two states are fang,—the last demands my pains;
 The best, the purest of the theme remains;—
 Yet

Yet one is left ;—that one, so much admir'd,
 By few accomplish'd, tho' by all desir'd :—
 O *Happiness* ! for ever plac'd on high,
 Beyond the reach, yet always in the eye ;
 Just gone before, or else just left behind,—
 Seldom, how seldom with the present join'd !
 Tho' true and perfect, here deny'd to man,
 Yet, let us come as near thee as we can.
 All universally agree in this,—
 That those must know the height of human bliss,
 Whose hearts united, ere their hands are join'd,
 Taste the celestial union of the mind :
 These still may love, whatever ills they know,
 In spite of sickness, and in spite of woe :—
 This sure is bliss, if bliss on earth there be,
 And such the lot of CAROLINE and ME !
 The gentle CAROLINE ! whose milder rays
 Shall gild the evening of our latter days ;

Whose

Whose love and duty are her only guide,—
 A husband's gratitude her only pride,
 Still let's preserve that harmony divine,—
 Still let that harmony be your's and mine;
 Our only contest, who obliges most;
 A large benevolence our greatest boast;
 'Till death—examples of a useful life,
 That all may bless the Poet and his Wife.

For thee, EUGENIA, whose sweet accord,
 Whose kind acceptance is my great reward;
 For thee, who first call'd forth this weak design,
 From whose indulgent beams I hope to shine;
 Teach me, like thee, to check a wretch in time,
 Before he gets beyond the pow'r of rhyme:
 O let those brows which now in arches rise,
 And cloath with dignity thy brilliant eyes,
 To crush iniquity and folly join,
 And frowns indignant second every line!

Arm'd

Arm'd with thy graces, then, my happy page
Shall both adorn and rectify the age.

O blest with all that can thy sex endear,—

A temper gentle, and a heart sincere !

Rich in each bright perfection of the mind,

Yet to the failings of a sister blind :

Good, without boast,—tho' virtuous, yet no prude,—

Polite, yet easy ;—free, yet never rude ;

Still may that Pow'r, which form'd you wise and fair,

Preserve and guard you with peculiar care ;

Be every season happy as the past ;

Be still admired, as you were the last ;

Soon the blest'd object of a worthy flame,—

But still a H-----N, except the name.

F I N I S.

Amidst with thy graces, then, my happy page
Shall both adorn and testify the age.

O bless with all that can thy sex endear,—

A temper gentle, and a heart sincere!

Rich in each bright perfection of the mind,

Yet to the failings of a sister blind;

Good, without boast—the virtuous, yet no pride,—

Polite, yet easy;—free, yet never rude;

Still may that Power, which form'd you wise and fair,

Protect and guard you with its sacred care;

Be every season happy as the day

Be still admired, as you were the last;

Soon the bless'd object of a worthy name,—

But still a H-----, except the name.

F I N I S